

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ECHO CLUB, AND OTHER LITERARY DIVERSIONS, BY BAYARD TAYLOR. 12mo, pp. 157. J. R. Osgood & Co.

The motive of this collection of literary *jeux d'esprit* is described in the frank and modest preface which introduces the volume. It had its origin in the social meetings, twenty years since, of a few young poets of a mild Bohemian fellowship, who sought amusement for their hours of relaxation, in the free-swinging imitation of some of the older and more renowned authors of that day. Nothing was further from the minds of these ingenuous youth than to make fun of the heroes and better soldiers in their ranks, but they saw no harm in inducing a little mischievous nonsense by taking off the names of writers whom they cordially revered. Some of their comic effusions soon found their way to print, and were received in the spirit in which they were designed, as harmless jokes, not as cynical or malicious sarcasms. Few of those prouvalent carictures are retained in the present volume. Its contents, for the most part, have been rewritten, preserving, perhaps, a certain flavor, but not the form, of the original productions. A slight dramatic element has been added by the introduction of a few critical personages, who comment on the performances with a careless good-nature, each in his own way,—one of them an old literary stager who is supposed to have attained something of the judicial calmness which age and study do not always bestow; another a testy swashbuckler, the Miles Standish of criticism, who is always on the alert for a head that he can hit; a third is a sentimental, gushing youngster, whose judgment is swamped in a mush of "enthusiasm";—while the rear is brought up by a man in a cestous white choker and patent leather shoes, who looks only at the etiquette of a poem, without the faintest sense of its significance. The remarks of these aesthetic bear-drinkers, of course, consist to a certain degree of "bold, disjointed chat," but they often chance on a sagacious comment or a brilliant illustration which deserves a place in the best company. No reader will so stupid as to fancy that the author's own views, though scattered at random throughout the dialogues, together with their exact opposites, are specially expressed by any one of the four figures of the little drama. In spite of the "Cornhill Magazine," and "James Northcote," from "The Fortnightly Review," will be found to possess special interest.

New Publications.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New-York, Publish this day:

L.—STARBOARD AND PORT.—STARBOARD AND PORT: THE "NETTLE" ALONG SHORE. A SUMMER'S YACHT CRUISE ALONG THE COASTS OF MAINE AND LABRADOR. By George H. Heath, Illustrated, 12mo, Cloth, \$1.75.

The Rev. Mr. Heath is no less famous as a yachtsman than he is eloquent as a preacher. He is in the habit of spending the summer in excursions on the New England and British coasts, trying his hand at fishing and shooting on the shore, both of which engagements are very pleasant. The present narrative describes a voyage to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and the St. Lawrence, relating the adventures of the clerical sportsman with great zest and animation. It is thoroughly interesting and readable, entirely free from professional strain, and is written in a pleasant colloquial style.

II.—CRIMES THE CARRIER. A WOODLAND TALE. By R. Blackmore, author of "Cratock Nowell," "The Maid of Sker," "Alice Lorraine," "Lorna Doone," &c. Illustrated. Svo, Paper, 75 cents.

Mr. Blackmore is always picturesque, and commands ready humor of a quiet and effective kind.—[British Quarterly Review.]

III.—BLACKWELL'S CAMBRIDGE WARDROBE. What became of the last place for him? And, if all else fails, The hollow-piped and burr-wound pipe is near, We'll put on our overcoat, and we'll see what's about it. And you mind them. While the Nedie chills In icy, and you champagne-fash in the sun. Takes mellow wainut, Fit for you who I did To Eugene Green before me, and the sun was bright, And the flowers were in full bloom. The present narrative describes a voyage to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and the St. Lawrence, relating the adventures of the clerical sportsman with great zest and animation. It is thoroughly interesting and readable, entirely free from professional strain, and is written in a pleasant colloquial style.

IV.—HAY-FEVER. OR, THE MECUMINE-BOTTLE. The first three right places for him? And, if all else fails, The hollow-piped and burr-wound pipe is near, We'll put on our overcoat, and we'll see what's about it. And you mind them. While the Nedie chills In icy, and you champagne-fash in the sun. Takes mellow wainut, Fit for you who I did To Eugene Green before me, and the sun was bright, And the flowers were in full bloom. The present narrative describes a voyage to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and the St. Lawrence, relating the adventures of the clerical sportsman with great zest and animation. It is thoroughly interesting and readable, entirely free from professional strain, and is written in a pleasant colloquial style.

V.—NEW-YORK HOMEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE.—For information address J. W. DOWLING, M. D., 508 Fifth-avenue, New-York.

RUTGERS FEMALE COLLEGE.—Fall term opens Sept. 27. Rev. THOS. D. ANDERSON, D. D., Principal.

U. S. SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DIRECTORY. Compiled expressly as a guide to all parents and students in Colleges. Description of Locations, Boarding facilities, &c. The cost of the usual School Pamphlets, Premiums, railroad expenses paid by the publisher, and the like, will be paid by the student. The price of the book is \$1.00, and contains 100 pages.

ALEXANDER INSTITUTE.—Military Boarding school, White Plains, N. Y. Principal, O. E. WILLIS, Ph. D.

A GOOD HOME FOR CHILDREN. In a Boarding school at Wilton, Conn., terms short. Address AUGUSTUS WHITLOCK.

BLACKWELL always writes like a scholar and a gentleman.—[Atheneum, London.]

An extraordinary observation of character, a keen sense of humor, and what is important, for the background, the liveliest notes of scenery, seasons, and other such surroundings.—[Saturday Review, London.]

BLICKENSTAFF.—A wood-and-slowly-brewed strange concoction: "was an heirloom old, The recipe, a sev'n year, and fair, Let me tell you, it's a true oldie, And you'll be glad to know, It's a good oldie, and it's a goodie."—[British Quarterly Review.]

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